

as a partner began to do printing. But Gutenberg was still able to keep at his work, so there were two printing houses in Mainz.

The people of both Strasburg and Mainz are very proud of the fact that Gutenberg, the first printer as they say, worked in their cities, and each one has set up a statue in his honor.

A few years after Gutenberg had printed his first book in Germany, a man named William Caxton began to print books in England. He probably learned the art from the Germans.

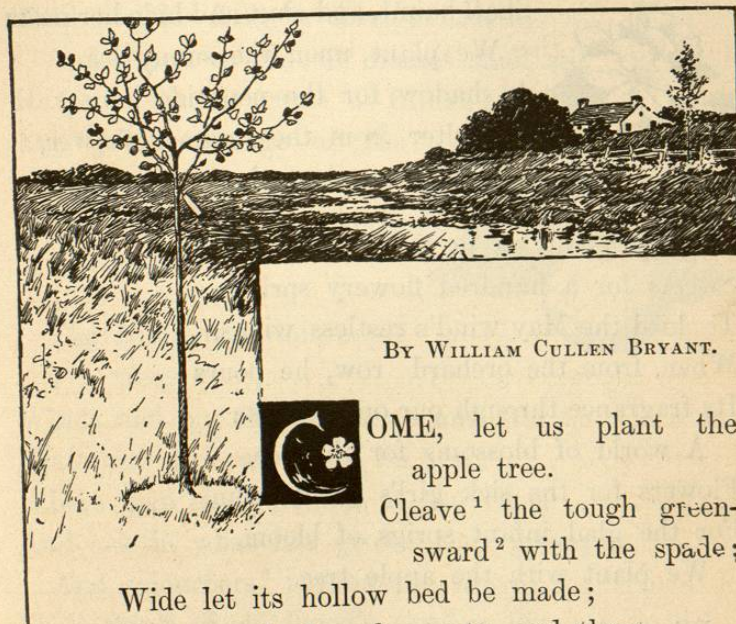
Caxton's printing office was in the famous Westminster Abbey. In one of his books, *The Life of Charles the Great*, he says: "I have specially reduced it after the simple cunning that God has left to me whereof I heartily and with all my heart thank Him, and also pray for my father's and mother's souls, that in my youth sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I get my living I hope truly."

These early printers printed books of many kinds, but chiefly Bibles and religious works.

After Caxton's death, one of his printers who continued the work said he hoped for "the happy day when a Bible should be chained in every church for every Christian man to look upon."

It would surely have made these good men very happy if they could have seen into the future, when Bibles would be sold for a few cents each.

## XVI. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.



BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



OME, let us plant the  
apple tree.

Cleave<sup>1</sup> the tough green-  
sward<sup>2</sup> with the spade;

Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mold<sup>3</sup> with kindly care,

And press it o'er them tenderly,  
As round the sleeping infant's feet  
We softly fold the cradle sheet;

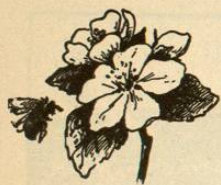
So plant we the apple tree.

<sup>1</sup> cleave, cut apart.

<sup>2</sup> green'sward, grassy lawn or field.

<sup>3</sup> mold, soil; earth.

What plant we in this apple tree?  
 Buds, which the breath of summer days  
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;  
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,  
 Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;  
 We plant, upon the sunny lea,  
 A shadow for the noontide hour,  
 A shelter from the summer shower,  
 When we plant the apple tree.



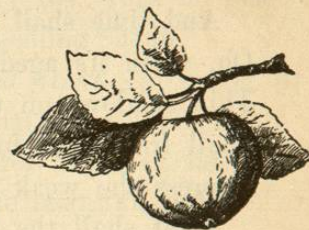
What plant we in this apple tree?  
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,  
 To load the May wind's restless wings,  
 When, from the orchard row, he pours  
 Its fragrance through our open doors;  
 A world of blossoms for the bee,  
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
 We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?  
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
 And redden in the August noon,  
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
 That fan the blue September sky,  
 While children come, with cries of glee,  
 And seek them where the fragrant grass  
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
 At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,  
 The winter stars are quivering bright,  
 The winds go howling through the night,  
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,  
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,  
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's<sup>1</sup> vine,  
 And golden orange of the  
 line,<sup>2</sup>

The fruit of the apple  
 tree.



The fruitage of this apple  
 tree,

Winds and our flag of stripe and star  
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,  
 Where men shall wonder at the view,  
 And ask in what fair groves they grew;  
 And sojourners<sup>3</sup> beyond the sea  
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,  
 And long, long hours of summer play,  
 In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree  
 A broader flush of roseate<sup>4</sup> bloom,  
 A deeper maze<sup>5</sup> of verdurous<sup>6</sup> gloom,

<sup>1</sup> Cin'tra, a town in Portugal.

<sup>2</sup> "the line," the equator.

<sup>3</sup> so'journ-ers, dwellers.

<sup>4</sup> ro'se-ate, rose-colored.

<sup>5</sup> maze, a tangled mass.

<sup>6</sup> ver'dur-ous, leafy.

And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,  
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we  
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.  
Oh, when its aged branches throw  
Thin shadows on the ground below,  
Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears  
Of those who live when length of years  
Is wasting this apple tree?

“Who planted this old apple tree?”  
The children of that distant day  
Thus to some aged man shall say;  
And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
The gray-haired man shall answer them:  
“A poet of the land was he,  
Born in the rude but good old times;  
‘T is said he made some quaint<sup>1</sup> old rhymes  
On planting the apple tree.”

<sup>1</sup> quaint, queer.

### XVII. THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



THE maples redden in the sun;  
In autumn gold the beeches stand;  
Rest, faithful plow! thy work is done  
Upon the teeming<sup>1</sup> land.  
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly  
On every breath that sweeps the sky,  
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,  
And ask the sower's hand.

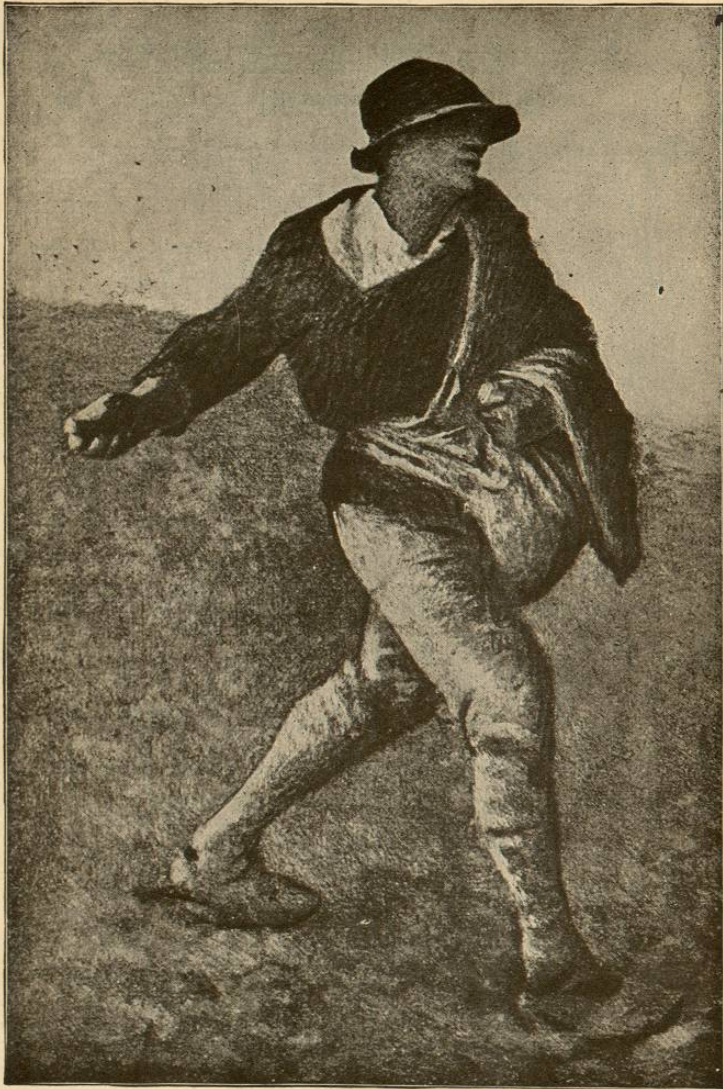
Loose the tired steer, and let him go  
To pasture where the gentians blow;  
And we who till the grateful ground,  
Fling we the golden shower around.

Fling wide the generous grain; we fling  
O'er the dark mold the green of spring.  
For thick the emerald<sup>2</sup> blades shall grow  
When first the March winds melt the snow,  
And to the sleeping flowers below  
The early bluebirds sing.

Fling wide the grain; we give the fields  
The ears that nod in summer gale,

<sup>1</sup> teem'ing, fruitful.

<sup>2</sup> em'er-ald, green.



THE SOWER.

J. F. MILLER.

The shining stems that summer gilds,  
 The harvest that o'erflows the vale,  
 And swells, an amber<sup>1</sup> sea, between  
 The full-leaved woods — its shores of green.

Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear  
 Glad voices of the coming year, —  
 The song of him who binds the grain,  
 The shout of those that load the wain,<sup>2</sup>  
 And from the distant grange there comes  
 The clatter of the thresher's flail,<sup>3</sup>  
 And steadily the millstone hums  
 Down in the willowy<sup>4</sup> vale.<sup>5</sup>

And strew<sup>6</sup> with free and joyous sweep  
 The seed upon the expecting soil,  
 For hence the plenteous year shall heap  
 The garner<sup>7</sup> of the men who toil.  
 Strew the bright seed for those who tear  
 The matted sward<sup>8</sup> with spade and share;  
 And those whose sounding axes gleam  
 Beside the lonely forest stream  
 Till its broad banks lie bare;

<sup>1</sup> am'ber, yellow.<sup>2</sup> wain, wagon.<sup>3</sup> flail, a rude instrument, consisting of two sticks fastened together loosely at one end, which farmers formerly used for beating out grain.<sup>4</sup> wil'low-y, covered with willow trees.<sup>5</sup> vale, valley.<sup>7</sup> gar'ners, storehouses or granaries.<sup>6</sup> strew, scatter.<sup>8</sup> sward, grassy surface.

And him who breaks the quarry ledge  
 With hammer blows plied<sup>1</sup> quick and strong,  
 And him who with the steady sledge  
 Smites the shrill anvil all day long.

Sprinkle the furrow's even trace  
 For those whose toiling hands uprear  
 The roof-trees of our swarming race,  
 By grove and plain, by stream and mere;  
 Who forth, from crowded city, lead  
 The lengthening street, and overlay  
 Green orchard-plot and grassy mead  
 With pavement of the murmuring way.  
 Cast with full hands, the harvest cast,  
 For the brave men that climb the mast,  
 When to the billow and the blast  
 It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,  
 And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,  
 Till the tossed bark shall sit again  
 Safe as a sea-bird on the main.<sup>2</sup>

Fling wide the grain for those who throw  
 The clanking shuttle<sup>3</sup> to and fro,  
 In the long row of humming rooms,  
 And into ponderous<sup>4</sup> masses wind

<sup>1</sup> plied, struck repeatedly.

<sup>2</sup> main, the open sea.

<sup>3</sup> "those who throw the clanking shuttle," the weavers in great factories.

<sup>4</sup> pon'der-ous, very heavy.

The web that, from a thousand looms,  
 Comes forth to clothe mankind.  
 Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,  
 By whom the busy thread  
 Along the garment's even hem  
 And winding seam is led;  
 A pallid<sup>1</sup> sisterhood, that keep  
 The lonely lamp alight,  
 In strife with weariness and sleep,  
 Beyond the middle night.  
 Large part be theirs in what the year  
 Shall ripen for the reaper here.

Still, strew, with joyous hand, the wheat  
 On the soft mold beneath our feet,  
 For even now I seem  
 To hear a sound that lightly rings  
 From murmuring harp and viol's<sup>2</sup> strings,  
 As in a summer dream.

Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,  
 Who, hunger-worn, rejoice again  
 In the sweet safety of the shore,  
 And wanderers, lost in woodlands drear,  
 Whose pulses bound with joy to hear.  
 The herd's light bell once more.

<sup>1</sup> pal'lid, pale.

<sup>2</sup> vi'ol, a violin.

Freely the golden spray be shed  
 For him whose heart, when night comes down  
 On the close alleys of the town,

Is faint for lack of bread.

In chill roof-chambers, bleak and bare,  
 Or the damp cellar's stifling air,  
 She who now sees, in mute despair,

Her children pine for food,  
 Shall feel the dews of gladness start  
 To lids long tearless, and shall part  
 The sweet loaf with a grateful heart,

Among her thin pale brood.

Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till!

Oh, for thy famished children, fill,

Where'er the sower walks,

Fill the rich ears that shade the mold  
 With grain for grain, a hundredfold,  
 To bend the sturdy stalks!

Strew silently the fruitful seed,

As softly o'er the tilth<sup>1</sup> ye tread,  
 For hands that delicately knead

The consecrated<sup>2</sup> bread —

The mystic<sup>3</sup> loaf that crowns the board,  
 When, round the table of their Lord,

<sup>1</sup> tilth, tilled ground.

<sup>2</sup> con'se-crat-ed, sacred; blessed.

<sup>3</sup> mys'tic, having hidden meaning.

Within a thousand temples set,  
 In memory of the bitter death  
 Of Him who taught at Nazareth,  
 His followers are met,  
 And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,  
 As of the Holy One they think,  
 The glory of whose rising yet  
 Makes bright the grave's mysterious<sup>1</sup> brink.

Brethren, the sower's task is done.  
 The seed is in its winter bed.

Now let the dark-brown mold be spread,

To hide it from the sun,

And leave it to the kindly care

Of the still earth and brooding air,

As when the mother, from her breast,

Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,

And shades its eyes, and waits to see

How sweet its waking smile will be.

The tempest now may smite, the sleet

All night on the drowned furrow beat,

And winds that, from the cloudy hold,

Of winter breathe the bitter cold,

Stiffen to stone the mellow mold,

Yet safe shall lie the wheat;

Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,

<sup>1</sup> mys-te'ri-ous, unknown; full of mystery.

Shall walk again the genial<sup>1</sup> year,  
To wake with warmth and nurse with dew  
The germs we lay to slumber here.

Oh, blessed harvest yet to be!

Abide thou with the Love that keeps,  
In its warm bosom, tenderly,

The Life which wakes and that which sleeps.

The Love that leads the willing spheres<sup>2</sup>

Along the unending track of years,

And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,

Shall brood above thy winter rest,

And raise thee from the dust, to hold

Light whisperings with the winds of May,

And fill thy spikes with living gold,

From summer's yellow ray;

Then, as thy garner give thee forth,

On what glad errands shalt thou go,

Wherever o'er the waiting earth,

Roads wind and rivers flow!

The ancient East shall welcome thee

To mighty marts<sup>3</sup> beyond the sea,

And they who dwell where palm-groves sound

To summer winds the whole year round,

Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,

The sails that bring thy glistening store.

<sup>1</sup> gen'ial, pleasant.

<sup>2</sup> spheres, referring to the stars and planets.

<sup>3</sup> marts, ports of commerce.

## XVIII. ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

FROM "ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS."

### CHAPTER I.

IN a great city in China lived a poor tailor and his wife, with their only son, Aladdin. The father dying suddenly, his family had nothing to live upon



but what little the poor woman earned by spinning cotton.

One day while Aladdin was playing with other boys, a stranger, passing by, stood still and looked at him for a long time.